

SHAVES, SHAVERS, AND SHAVING

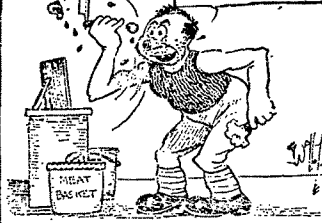
-By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO SHAVE.

GOSH, THERE GOES ME NOSE AN' ONE EAR, BUT I'M DOIN' BETTER ALL THE TIME!



BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED BY USING BROAD SLASHING STROKES WHICH REMOVE THE BEARD QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY. IF THE BLADE IS BROUGHT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE FACE - EVEN AT TIMES REMOVING PORTIONS OF THE PHYSIOGNOMY - BUT UNDENIABLY REMOVING THE WHISKER! AND WHAT ARE A FEW FEATURES COMPARED TO A CLEAN SHAVE? - BESIDES THE LESS PROBABILITY OF ANCHORS THE SIMPLER THE OPERATION.

EVERYTHING'S GRIST THAT GETS IN SALVAGE

Five Thousand Workers Near Tours Make Old Equipment New

CLEANING PROCESS FIRST

Property Captured from Germans Is Also Turned Into Something Army Can Use

When you come out of the line, "they" usually put you through a bath house, and take all your clothes away from you - if you have any left. Then, when you come out from under the showers, they hand you out new clothes, all cleaned and (if possible) pressed; so that you can say, as Lillian Russell is alleged to have said, "I feel like another man."

But did it ever occur to you that what happened to these old tops of yours that they took away from you - the old belt all ripped to tatters, the old shoes, pants, and everything? Probably, in your joy at getting into clean duds once again, it never did.

But all that stuff you shed went right down to the A.E.F.'s big salvage plant near Tours, there to be dry-cleaned, fumigated, patched up, mended and put into trim again for some other guy to use; for when it comes out of the salvage plant it's practically as good as new.

Not only your old cast-off clothing of every description goes down there to be revamped, but your horses' and mules' old harness, your dismantled guns' old mountings - everything that's at all busted up gets down there. The plant has departments for fixing up ordnance material, including canvas and webbing; for harness, leather and shoes; for woolen and cotton clothes of all sorts; and, finally, for rubber goods.

Enter Junk - Exit Equipment

The plant is situated in a long, high-ceilinged one-story factory building, with a single track running through its center. This track the freight cars full of salvaged stuff are run, to be dumped into the department rooms capable of handling it. On it, too, empty freight cars are introduced, to be filled with the revamped and resoled shoes, packed neatly in bundles according to size; with the freshly pressed piles of clothing; with the good-as-new harness, saddles, rubber boots and what-not. In a yard at the end of the building is a turn-table, to facilitate the movement of the cars.

The salvage depot has its own dynamo, furnishing all its own power. It has its own vulcanizing plant to handle the patching up of the rubber goods. So rapidly is its work expanding, that it now has to have a large part of its simpler operations, such as clothes and shoe-mending, sent to smaller factories in the outlying towns of the vicinity.

In addition to the main factory and the smaller French factories that take up its overflow, the salvage department authorities control a laundry which works night and day cleaning the clothes and things before they are sent into the main factory to be handled.

Everything is sterilized before it comes in to be worked on at the salvage depot. The old shoes are all scrubbed and cleaned. The delousing and sterilizing of underwear is attended to with military strictness before the workers start to sew new buttons and repair seams on it. All equipment that may have a stain of mustard gas on it is thoroughly de-gassed before it reaches the workers' hands.

One Week's Dope Sheet

To give an idea of the volume of work done, one has but to count figures for a typical week. In that time one sees, in the harness department, for example, 121 complete sets of harness, 346 halters, 718 French neck straps, 330 McElhan saddles and 1,920 holsters fixed up ready for use.

In the clothing department one sees 230,355 separate articles of clothing gone over and made good as new. Through the clothing department passes practically all new clothing that arrives from the States, to be inspected, pressed and cleaned. One week sees, for a fair sample, 120,840 new garments thus gone over.

In addition to running this large American repair shop of all sorts, with its laundry and other subsidiaries, the

salvage department has charge of depot for the storage of all property of officers and enlisted men while they are up in the line. It also has control of the disposition of all captured property, with the exception of captured aircraft. The latter go straight to the Air Service where they are looked over with eagle eyes to see how far Fritz has progressed or retrograded in the gentle art of subduing the ozone.

The salvage factory itself is a typical American factory of the better sort, well ventilated, well situated with regard to railroad access, and well run. System is at the bottom of everything that is done in it. Rigid inspection is given every bundle of clothing, shoes, or harness that goes out from it. Like all well-regulated factories in the United States, it has its own first aid hospital, with an attendant always in charge; it makes adequate provision for the health and happiness of its employees.

Saturday Brings Mixed Music

The hours of work are from 7 to 11:30 in the morning and from 1:30 to 6 in the afternoon - a nine-hour day. The two hours at noon, instead of the single hour ordinarily allotted in the States, are necessitated by the distance of the homes of many of the operatives from the plant, as by the French habit of never hurrying over a meal, no matter at what time of day it is taken. In summer, the two hours off in the heat of the day are extremely beneficial, and make for increased production in the afternoon session.

Sundays and Saturday afternoons are off, and every Saturday forenoon the plant shuts down at 11 o'clock to allow an A.E.F. cavalry band to serenade the whole factory force with a real, bang-up American military band concert for half an hour.

Perched on a platform in the center of the plant, surrounded by an admiring crowd of little French "prentice boys and office boys, the band holds forth with might and main. The audience, four-fifths French and one-fifth Yank, likes it so well that it comes in just as strong on the choruses of "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe" as it does on "Maiden" and the greatest of all wind-up pieces, the "Marseillaise."

THIS Q.M. SERGEANT BELIEVES IN SIGNS

Bright Boys Think Up Slogans and Painter Does the Rest

"Don't win the iron cross by looting."

"The best way to kill time is to work it to death."

"We love to hear you knock - if you do it with your hammer."

It ought to be perfectly plain at this stage that there is someone in the A.E.F. who believes in signs. He is a quartermaster sergeant in charge of the assembling of trucks in one of our base sections. And he had the sign about the iron cross up in his shop before the shop was finished. Perhaps the shop was finished the quicker for it.

The sergeant doesn't claim all the slogans as his own. He called a lot of the boys together, and told them he simply had to have some epigrams. Some remembered catchwords they had seen in magazines and store windows. Some made up their own on the spot. They thought up enough to make the official sign painter reek with the odor of turpentine for weeks.

Now they have a committee that passes on the slogans - and anybody at the base can hand in as many slogans as he chooses - and if it is accepted, the bugler blows the paint call and the turpentine gentleman comes up with every color in the rainbow mixed together - i.e., black. Here are some of the pep-injectors yet to be acted upon:

"Help put the burr in Berlin."

"Don't sound off unless you can back it up."

"Pretend you are wounded and waiting for ambulances. Then help some one who isn't pretending."

"The M.A.A.B. is not a debating club. There's only one argument, boys. That's with the Kaiser."

"Don't fight. Work. We are non-combatants."

AND NOT A SINGLE CHICKEN

A certain member of the A.E.F., training in a small town back of the lines, wrote back home about the French women he had seen.

"I understand," he penned, "that there are any number of beautiful women over here, but most of 'em that I've seen so far are feasters."

STIFF TRAINING COURSE

First Class: They say the Crown Prince had the big say in that last German offensive.

Back: If the old man keeps him in the game long enough, he'll make a soldier out of that boy yet.

EAGLE OF PRUSSIA NOW STRONG ALLY

Victory Bird Deserts Hun on Eve of Disastrous Offensive

When you come to look back on it, it seems a long time since the last German offensive - the one that blew up started, but there's one story dating from that time that is good enough to be worth telling still.

That offensive began, you will remember, on July 15, the day after Bastille Day. On Bastille Day itself, a group of polkas and Yanks were celebrating in a little town not far behind the lines. The Yanks were doing their part by pitching sous into a tin can when a big eagle swooped down from the north and alighted on the ridgepole of the town hall. He was so black and capacious and altogether militaristic in appearance that he looked as though he might have flown squarely out of the Prussian coat of arms.

"Fritz, la!" shouted a polka, and the son of a gun stopped.

Sombody got a net, and somebody else got up on the roof. The net was too short, and the eagle just looked at it, yawned and went to sleep. A young French soldier who started a second offensive was felled when the eagle awoke and flew lazily to a neighboring roof. Another polka tried. This time the eagle dropped off and alighted on the American billet.

He seemed to think he was safe there, or perhaps he didn't mind, for the next attempt to snare him succeeded.

That night the battle began. A rain of shell fell upon the town as Yank and polka went up into the line. And Fritz went in too. He had become naturalized overnight.

NOT THE ACE OF TRUMPS

There is a gallant young American aviator from New York who, during his training in Italy, brought down five machines. The only reason why his feat wasn't heralded in the newspapers was the fact that the five machines were Italian, and although he retained them all to salvage, he himself managed to escape whole every time.

But he couldn't escape the nickname that was bound to come, and which is bound to stick as long as the war lasts, if not longer.

They call him the great Austrian ace.

"Why don't they call an airplane hangar a nest?"

"Probably for the same reason that they don't call an infantry billet a cradle."

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BUCK AT REVELLE, FIRST LOOT AT TAPS

Quarryman in Base Section Gets Commission as Chaplain

It's nice, as Harry Lauder remarked, to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie in bed. It's nice to get up, don't your best blue denim, and go to work in a stone quarry as a dollar a day buck, but it's nicer to lie in your bunk that same night with a commission as first lieutenant between your tick and the slats.

It happened to Private - that is to say First Lieutenant - Frank Sweet of Base Section No. 1, D. of M.T., S.O.I., S.O.S., which is some array of initials even for this man's Army. Here's his own story:

"I am an ordained Episcopalian clergyman. After my ordination I was given a church, but when war was declared by the United States I saw one after another of the young men of the parish leave. I firmly believe that the cause of America is sacred, that a man's duty is to be at the front, if possible.

"So I enlisted. But from the ecclesiastical superiors I learned that my ac-

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